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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER J. BAYLOR ROBERTS

UMI

REV. GLENN P. REED

border at Wadi Halfa. Khartoum's name stirs memories of two British generals. Here scarlet-coated troops of Charles George Gordon ("Chinese" Gordon) fell with their commander in 1885 before fanatical warriors of a boatbuilder's son who called himself el Mahdi (The Directed One). Thirteen years later, Britain's Lord Kitchener conquered sword-waving "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" at Omdurman, near Khartoum. With Kitchener's 21st Lancers rode a young officer named Winston Churchill.

Kitchener laid out the broad streets of Khartoum. His own statue and that of ill-fated Gordon survey Sudan's biggest city. But when a dread, black dust storm, *haboob*, rolls in, all views vanish.

Southern Sudan contrasts in climate and inhabitants. In veldlike country where rainfall aids fertility, some 2,500,000 Nilo-Hamitic tribesmen herd humpbacked Zebu cattle. Tall Lotukas, disdaining clothes, build villages of circular mud-and-thatch huts.

Intricate body scars and scalloped ears are beauty marks to Lotukas. Spear-armed huntsmen wear brass helmets often made from beaten cartridge shells. When charged by a buffalo, they fling themselves prone to avoid the horns, then try to stab the beast as it thunders over them.

Under white administration, fine, long-staple cotton became an important Sudanese export. Huge plantations sometimes used helicopters to spray with DDT while naked tribesmen watched. Sudan is the world's leading source of gum arabic, resin from a wild thorn tree.

National Geographic References; ***Map***—Northern Africa (paper 50¢, fabric $1)
Magazine—Dec., 1954, "Safari from Congo to Cairo" (75¢)
Feb., 1953, "South in the Sudan" (75¢)
School Bulletins—Nov. 23, 1953, "The Sudan Starts down Freedom's Road" (10¢)
Mar. 16, 1953, "Anglo-Egyptian Sudan to Be Self-Governing" (10¢)

UMI

HAIL SUDAN

JOHN JOCHIMSEN, BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

His bagpipe screaming its warlike challenge as poised drumsticks crash into marching rhythm, this piper symbolizes British influence in a land known for 56 years as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Today the pipe music, originally taught by Highland regiments, may soon be forgotten, along with the Anglo-Egyptian prefix. Sudan has declared its independence.

On New Year's Day, Sudan's tricolor flag—blue for the Nile, green for farming, and yellow for desert sands—was hoisted over the former governor-general's palace in Khartoum. Thus a new republic was born, replacing South Viet Nam, in southeast Asia, as the world's youngest.

Nearly a third the size of the United States, Sudan now ranks as the largest self-governing nation in Africa. Its declaration of independence was hardly a complete surprise to either Great Britain or Egypt. In 1953 both nations agreed to let the Sudanese govern themselves and settle their future by a country-wide vote this year. The Sudanese Chamber of Deputies simply took a short cut, proclaiming the nation's freedom.

Stretching from the Red Sea to the Sahara and from Egypt to the Belgian Congo, huge Sudan is comparatively unknown to most Americans, though National Geographic Society representatives have probed the country a half-dozen times. Stamp collectors recognize its imprint—a postman astride a camel.

The camel still pads through Sudan's arid north where miles of blazing desert abruptly give way to the Nile's green banks. Along the river some 6,000,000 Arabs and Nubians, descendants of ancient Egyptians, carry on trade and raise crops. Creaking ox-driven water wheels irrigate riverside fields (below). Produce often travels to Khartoum in lateen-rigged feluccas, heeling to hot, gusty winds that sweep the river.

At Khartoum, the Blue Nile—it really is blue, except in flood season—meets the White Nile, creamy with silt. They join at a churning Y to form a mighty trunk which winds through northern desert to Egypt's

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ENIT

From the town's 4,000-foot elevation, an aerial cable car carries skiers to 7,800-foot slopes, smoothly "manicured" for steep, twisting slalom runs and mountain races. A championship 1,700-meter bobsled run ends practically in the town square.

Cortina d'Ampezzo, nestled in a saucer among the jagged Dolomites, above, has known the passage of Roman legions, Goths, Huns, Lombards, and the Franks of Charlemagne. In 1918, Italy acquired the old village from Austria after Italian mountain troops wrested it away in bitter World War I fighting. Today's Austrian border lies only 18 miles away.

Since the 1860's, mountaineers have gathered at Cortina to test their skill on needlelike Dolomite spires, many of which top 10,000 feet. They swell the town's normal 6,000 population, but their influx is nothing compared to the present "invasion" by Olympic spectators, already seeking near-by lodgings for the 11-day Winter Games. More than 60 hotels await them in the region.

Out of six previous Winter Olympics, four have been held in the European Alps, of which the Dolomites are a branch. First site, in 1924, was Chamonix, France, close to Mont Blanc, highest Alpine peak. In 1928 and again in 1948, St. Moritz, Switzerland, played host to contestants and spectators. Garmisch-Partenkirchen, across the border in Germany, was the scene of the 1936 games.

Aside from the Alps, Lake Placid, New York, had the honor in 1932. The most recent Olympics, in 1952, ran off winter events at Oslo, Norway. This year's main Olympic Games are scheduled to start in November at Melbourne, Australia, as described in last week's GEOGRAPHIC SCHOOL BULLETINS.

UMI

UNITED PRESS

Dolomite Town Welcomes Winter Olympics

The widely loved sport of skiing has inspired many ways of getting to the top of a hill so you can slide down it. Rope tows, bar lifts, aerial tramways, and little cog railroads save skiers the awkward, exhausting work of sidestepping or "herringboning" to the top of trails or flag-marked slalom courses. At Cortina d'Ampezzo, snow-blanketed village among Italy's saw-tooth Dolomites, Olympic ski-jumpers now know the ultimate luxury—an elevator.

When the Winter Olympic Games begin at Cortina next Thursday, jumpers will be hoisted effortlessly to the top of the "Italia" ski jump, shown under construction, above. A soaring, modernistic structure of concrete, the jump boasts red and green "traffic" lights to signal competitors when to jump and when to wait.

Cortina's ski jump is only one of the facilities awaiting an expected 25,000 skiers, skaters, bobsledders, and spectators. Contestants represent more than 30 countries. Long an Italian winter-sports center, the town, only 77 miles north of Venice, contains two hockey rinks inside a stadium holding 10,000 fans. Daytime winter temperatures often reach into the fifties, but artificial freezing will keep ice sound. Another stadium at Lake Misurina, eight miles away, overlooks a speed-skating course.

Our home, like those of most Japanese, has floors of straw mats on wooden frames, called *tatamis*. To keep them clean and to avoid damaging them, Japanese always remove their shoes before entering a house.

Our rooms have almost no furniture, usually nothing more than a low table or two. Americans probably wouldn't even call them rooms since our houses consist mainly of one central space used for living, eating, and sleeping. We can divide the area by closing paper screens that slide back and forth. At night we push back the screens, making one large bedroom of our house. We sleep on *futons*, padded mats, (left). Next morning we fold our bedding and put it in sliding-door closets.

Then we all dress for work or school. For ordinary wear, I put on simple cotton dresses. But for special events, like a New Year's festival, I choose a rich kimono and *obi* (sash), the traditional Japanese dress (below).

Rain or shine, my father, like many other businessmen, rides a bicycle to his office (above). He carries his lunch in a *feroshky*, a large, bright handkerchief.

He often takes his Japanese parasol along in the rainy summer months. And on warmer days, we use parasols to shield us from the sun.

When father goes to work, he dresses like an American businessman. But when he comes home at night, he always puts on a comfortable, loose-fitting kimono—a centuries-old custom.

At Home in Honshu with Yoshiko

Illustrations by National Geographic Photographer J. Baylor Roberts

I'm Yoshiko Masato. Like American girls, I help in the kitchen (below). My family and I live on a quiet street in Atami, 65 miles from Tokyo.

We Japanese think of my home town as Americans think of Niagara Falls—the place to spend a honeymoon. Every year hundreds of vacationers flock to beaches and hot springs here on the edge of blue Sagami Gulf.

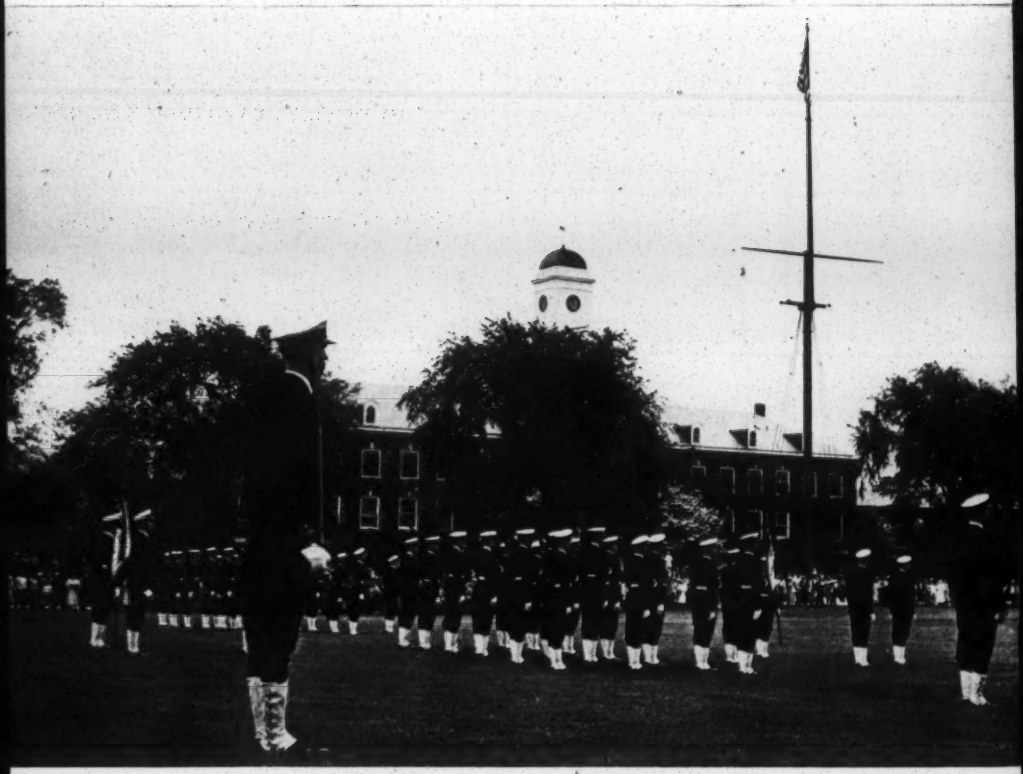
Most of them come down from crowded Tokyo on the electric train that speeds them through Yokohama, past many resort towns, and into our peaceful town at the head of Izu Peninsula.

Going to and from school, I pass along streets lined with our neighbors' little flower gardens and neatly trimmed trees. Our home, like most of the others, has outside walls made of thin wood sheets. Inside walls are bamboo covered with smooth plaster.

There are seven of us—my father, Aoki; my mother, Oku-san; sisters Chieda, Ikuko, and baby Mibori; and my 14-year-old brother Masatomo. I'm 16, and I go to a high school about like those in America.

In preparing meals, mother and I use gas, but many Japanese burn charcoal and firewood for heating as well as cooking. We always have rice, usually with salted or raw fish. But often we serve fresh vegetables, sweet potatoes, and kelp, a kind of seaweed.

One of our favorite dishes is *sukiyaki*, made of beef and green vegetables, cooked at the table, and served with rice. We sit with our legs folded under us on small cushions (below), for the Japanese custom is to have no chairs in our homes. We serve our food in shiny lacquered bowls and eat it with *hashi*, small chopsticks.



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER JOHN E. FLETCHER

Service Academies—No. 3

Coast Guard Cadets Relive Days of Sail

The order to halt rang out over the broad parade ground. Shoulders squared, back rigid, Bob snapped his heels together with precision. From the corner of his eye he saw the long blue line of the cadet battalion standing straight and still.

Beyond the parade ground Bob could glimpse the Georgian cupola of the United States Coast Guard Academy's handsome red brick administration building, with the *Alexander Hamilton*'s towering mast carrying the colors above it. Waiting for the review to begin, Bob let his mind drift back to the first time he had seen that mast which formerly carried the sails of an old Academy training ship.

He had been a very proud recruit back then, when he first reached New London, Connecticut, and entered the Coast Guard Academy's gates. Out of perhaps 2,000 applicants to the Academy, some 200 had been chosen on the strength of tough competitive examinations.

With his classmates, Bob had found himself bedded down in a meticulously clean and tidy dormitory. On this same parade ground upperclassmen had drilled him until he was almost doing marching and facing movements in his sleep.

But classes kept him too busy to complain. The high pressure, com-

UMI

CARL S. BELL

Past Meets Future at Lofty Lake Titicaca

Huddling in woolen ponchos, two Aymará Indian boys wait for their fathers to return from a fishing trip on Lake Titicaca. Chill winds sweep around them as they stand, stoically barefooted, on the marshy shore of the world's highest steam-navigated body of water. Nearly half the size of Lake Ontario, 130-mile-long Titicaca straddles the Peru-Bolivia border 12,506 feet above sea level—1,260 feet higher than the snow-capped summit of Oregon's Mount Hood.

Rimmed by distant Andes peaks, Lake Titicaca has seen civilizations come and go. Tradition names the lake's Island of the Sun as cradle of Inca culture. Along the shores of the deep blue lake, Incas themselves found ruins of civilizations far older than theirs. Indian legends tell of treasures dumped into the lake as offerings to the Sun God or to hide them from conquering Spaniards. Hope of finding wealth has lured divers below the sun-flecked surface. One underwater explorer recently emerged claiming he had discovered the ruins of a submerged city.

The region's Aymará Indians descend from a powerful pre-Inca civilization. They grow their native white potato and lavish affection on haughty llamas, sources of meat and wool, and reluctant beasts of burden. Their unsinkable bulrush boats ply Titicaca's surface, scudding before the lake's stiff breezes. Scottish-built steamers carrying passengers and freight also churn between Puno, Peru, and Guaqui, Bolivia.

Greater development of this remote inland sea would result from a new plan to use Titicaca's water for irrigation and hydroelectric power. Strangely, no natural outlet carries lake water to the sea. Under the plan the outflow would tumble down into either the Amazon basin or toward the Pacific, nourishing some 380,000 acres on the way and grinding out as much as 17 billion kilowatt-hours a year.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER J. BAYLOR ROBERTS

CADETS EAT WELL, EVEN WHILE SITTING ON AIR—Chairless Underclassman, Nearest Camera, Was Ordered to "Shove Off" for a Minor Breach of Mess-Hall Manners

Sea, of beach rescues and ocean searches in foul weather, of lake and river activities. He wanted to share in this service and live up to its motto: *Semper Paratus*—Always Ready.

Now, after four years at New London, Bob is almost ready to take his place as an Ensign on sea duty. And if class work has fitted him out as a broadly educated officer, the Academy's summer cruises have also made a sailor of him, thanks to the *Eagle*.

She lies at anchor in the Thames River that flows through New London to empty into Long Island Sound. Her hull is Coast Guard white, her tall masts and wide yards golden. She is a 1,900-ton bark—square-rigged on two of her three masts. Every cadet must make four voyages in her, learning the ways of the sea as only a square-rigger can teach them.

With his classmates, Bob scampered up rigging, clambered out the length of a yard on a swaying footrope with tossing waves far below him. He learned to take in reefs, fighting the canvas under control. He took his place on a capstan bar to weigh anchor, and he soon found himself jumping into action when a cadet officer sang out an order which would have been unintelligible a few weeks before.

The *Eagle* gave Bob old-fashioned sea training. The *Rockaway*, a modern, 327-foot Coast Guard cutter, taught him the practical side of marine engineering and the intricacies of navigation equipment.

UMI

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT F. SISSON

SIX HELMSMEN MAN *EAGLE*'S THREE WHEELS—Cadets Gain Training in Steering a Square-Rigger. In Foul Weather All Six Would Strain to Hold Kicking Spokes

petitive atmosphere that he had surmounted in order to enter never quite left his classrooms. Mathematics, science, engineering, liberal arts courses called for alertness and sound study habits. It took hard work to survive. Bob knew that often as many as half an entering class eventually falls by the wayside. He realized that a young man must want very badly to become a Coast Guard officer in order to meet the test.

For as long as he could remember, Bob had wanted nothing else. There was something about the Coast Guard that had always attracted him. Perhaps it was the fact that this service, dating from 1790, is older than the United States Navy though the Naval Academy antedates the Coast Guard Academy. Alexander Hamilton, George Washington's Secretary of the Treasury, had started the seagoing service to protect the coast of the infant United States after the last Revolutionary War fighting ship had gone out of commission.

The new force clamped down on smugglers and pirates and swung into action with the Navy in time of war. During World War I the Coast Guard lost a larger proportion of its officers and men in combat than did the Army or Navy.

Bob knew something of the Coast Guard's vital and widely varied peacetime work. He had read how Coast Guard cutters hunt North Atlantic icebergs. He had heard of hazardous coastal patrols in Bering

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT F. SISSON

SAILS DRAWING, *EAGLE* POINTS HER BOWSPRIT AT EUROPE—Coast Guard Flag with Vertical Stripes Snaps at Masthead as She Leaves New London on Summer Cruise

As the time for graduation drew near, Bob's memories dwelt on other aspects of Academy life. The landscaped campus with its modern facilities offered plenty besides hard work. On Saturdays, after satisfying the rigid demands of inspection, Bob had yelled himself hoarse at the stadium as an Academy team battled a rival. He would miss the activities of clubs and committees. He looked back with nostalgia at monthly dances either at the Academy or at Connecticut College for Women, also in New London.

Bob knows he was lucky to enter the Academy when he did. Until the new plant was opened in 1932, Coast Guard cadets had gone to school in numerous training ships and shore quarters. The first group actually trained by the Coast Guard set sail in the schooner *Dobbin* in 1877. This was the first class of 1879—nine cadets. Nineteen had applied. Even then examinations were tough.

National Geographic Magazine—July, 1955, "Under Canvas in the Atomic Age" (school price 55¢)